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Agricultural.

IS THIS SO?

SORTHORNS AS DAIRY CATTLE.

From a paper prepared and read by E. S. Tidale, of Kensington, England, at what was called a "Milk Conference," held at Gloucester, England, May, 1884, we take the following in regard to the dairy qualities of the Shorthorns:

"For the past five years a series of experimental analyses have been instituted under the auspices of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, at their show at Livingston, which may help us toward a solution of this question. The analyses were made by Dr. Aug. Voelcker, in order to aid a committee in determining the milk-giving and butter-producing abilities of the animals in the different classes entered for milking prizes, and they are so relevant to the point at issue as to afford a sound basis in this inquiry. The classes were divided into Jerseys, Shorthorns, Dutch, or Holstein, Ayrshire, cross breeds, and any other pure breeds; and, in addition, prizes offered for the cows of each breed which gave the largest amount of milk, possessing the most milk, and having regard to the date of milking. The result of these has been presented (during the last three years) to the animal, of whatever breed, which excelled in the highest degree all these essential points in a model dairy cow."

Returns showing weight of milk given in 24 hours by cows entered at this show from 1879 to 1884 are then given, of which the following is the summary:

No.	Lbs.	Total weight sold per ton.	Fat per cent.
Shorthorns.....	23	44 91	5 79
Jersey.....	10	22 27	4 26
Guernsey.....	10	22 46	4 20
Dutch.....	6	46 99	2 97
Butcher.....	8	56 66	3 16
Shorthorn.....	8	56 66	3 16

Mr. Tidale continues:

"Before applying these figures, it is desirable to compare them with those possessed by the leading cattle breeding herds to ascertain if these selected cases are supported by practical results derived from a wide area and subject to the varied changes of food and climate. In Mr. J. C. Morton's interesting work on 'Dairy Husbandry' the yearly returns from two dairy farms are presented. Mr. Wright, of Chiswick, Surrey, from 50 well-fed Shorthorns obtained per head per annum 700 gallons, and at a second farm, 650 gallons from a similar number of cattle. Mr. Allbrook, of Notts, mentions 690 gallons per head for the season of nine months on a good Derbyshire farm. On Mr. Warwick's farm 735 gallons per cow were entered on the record of 50 breeding cattle for ten months. This is a high yield, but that it is no more than can be obtained from Shorthorns chosen for milk and not for beef and bacon, it is easy to show. A return was taken out to afford data for adjudicating the milking prizes at Livingston, in 1880, from 60 cows of all the heads, giving 945 gallons per head, over 100 months. In this instance it is fair to say a liberal diet was adopted and the records of the best milkers were withheld, as showing better the purpose in view. Probably the mean of these cited cases would be a fair basis to rely on for well managed Shorthorns. The analyses in the last two examples confirm the Islington data, being slightly higher in butter fat and other solids."

TEXAS FEVER.

The Illinois State Veterinarian, Dr. N. H. Paaren, of Chicago, has submitted a report to the Governor of that State upon the Texas Fever. He recites the fact of the arrival of the diseased cattle in Chicago, and the results of the various post mortem examinations held, by which it was conclusively shown that the disease was Texas or Spenic fever. He then reviews the nature of the disease and its liability to spread in Northern cattle, or cattle not acclimated to it. The disease, he says, springs from a germ in cryptogamic vegetation, and from this the infection is originally dug and propagated.

"Let us now classify these figures: placing the average quantitative return from existing Shorthorn herds per head per annum at 700 gallons, Jersey herds per head per annum at 520 gallons, Guernsey herds per head per annum at 480 gallons, and Dutch herds per head per annum at 650 gallons, which proportions are singularly close to the actual daily yield of the various races at the dairy Shows, and taking the average analysis of each breed, already given in the summary of averages" as our qualitative basis—a basis which is quite confirmed by the private herd records we have quoted—the commercial value of the product of one animal of each tribe, whether disposed of as milk, butter, or cheese, will be shown in the following statement, reckoning 13 oz. pure butter fat equal to one pound salable butter, and 14 oz. do. and casein equal one pound pure cheese.

"Table showing relative value of the produce of the leading dairy tribes:

Average annual yield of Butter	Milk.	Cheese.	Milk.	
per lb.	per lb.	per lb.	per gal.	
Shorthorn.....	70	50	50	50
Jersey.....	20	82 40	82 40	58 80
Dutch.....	460	78 40	78 50	58 80
Butcher.....	800	77 75	90 48	116

"The first inference from these calculations is plain and indubitable. All other things being equal, the Shorthorn is by far the most profitable animal for general dairy purposes. When richness

INTERESTED ADVICE.

Advice is a commodity of which there is always an over production. The spirit of hoarding does not attach itself in any sense to an individual, and penuriousness is a quality of the mind unknown when advice is asked. There is also a spirit of philanthropy in individuals that overflows in gratuitous advice. Those ubiquitous individuals who have "travelled" have always some good advice for every emergency. They overflow with that kind of wisdom which, if followed by their listeners, will, in their estimation, certainly lead to opulence, while they themselves are always on the borderland of indigence and want. This mild quality of wisdom in the form of advice scarcely ever does harm, as the source is not sufficiently trustworthy, but when individuals are uncertain in an emergency, and much depends on the proper course to pursue, then advice from those having superior knowledge is of real value, when it comes unmixed with selfishness. This pivotal point of uncertainty is often reached by a farmer when the product is ready for the market, and the future is clouded with undefined rumors and contradictory statistics. At this point, the source from which advice comes should be carefully considered. If it comes from those whose interest will be best subserved by handling the product, then the advice is quite dubious at the best, and should be taken with some allowance for self interest to warp the opinion. The advice of the *Y. Com. Commercial Bulletin* of recent date is for farmers to sell wheat at current prices. It speaks of the loss last year of \$48,000,000 because wheat was held too high for export. This was a loss to the trade of the country and is spoken of as a calamity, but the loss to the farmer in the price at which he parted with the product is not mentioned, and is never considered. Dollar wheat this year is considered an absurdity, and the article advises farmers to sell, unmindful of the fact that wheat cannot be raised and placed on the market for less than a dollar. While it may be desirable that our exports be increased, if they cannot be so increased except at the farmer's expense, the results to the country will be disastrous indeed. If England can purchase wheat in India for less than the American farmer can produce it, that settles the question. It must not be expected by commercial papers that farmers will continue to raise an export commodity at a loss, out of pure magnanimity, or because advised to do so; something else must take the place of wheat. Taking the seasons as they will average, farmers this side of the territories cannot raise wheat and sell it for a dollar a bushel even, and make any money. It may take farmers longer to realize the fact and to make the change than it does men in other avocations to stop a non-paying business, but the change is already begun, and less attention will be paid to wheat than formerly. It is safe to predict that the present output of 500,000,000 bushels will not be repeated another year, and if we listen to interested advice this year and if we can be so induced to do so; something else must take the place of wheat. Taking the seasons as they will average, farmers this side of the territories cannot raise wheat and sell it for a dollar a bushel even, and make any money. It may take farmers longer to realize the fact and to make the change than it does men in other avocations to stop a non-paying business, but the change is already begun, and less attention will be paid to wheat than formerly. 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## Horse Matters.

Dates of Trotting Meetings in Michigan

Flint.....	Aug. 19 to 22
East Saginaw.....	Aug. 26 to 29
Mt. Pleasant.....	Sept. 2 to 5

## Treatment of Suckling Colts.

If you will allow me the space in your valuable paper I should like to say something in regard to the treatment of young colts. The interest which is being taken by the farmers generally in the matter of breeding up their horse stock is beginning to tell very materially, and I believe it will be the duty of all engaged in breeding horses to study the subject more closely every year. While breeding good horses is essential it is not all that is necessary in order to raise good horses. After a colt is foaled it is like a plant, it needs care and cultivation. When it is quite young about the only way to treat it as far as food is concerned is through the dam. Every mouthful of food taken by the mare will have an effect upon the colt, and I have often noticed that the effect is much greater on the colt than it is on the mother. Any food that has the least tendency to make the mare sour or loosen up her bowels will act with a great deal more power on the bowels of the colt. This being the case, it is quite necessary that any such food be cautiously avoided and especially when the colt is quite young. When colt is but a few days or a week old it will begin to nibble at the grass or whatever green stuff may come in its way. Colts will seldom if ever eat anything that will injure them and should be allowed to run where they can get what they want in the way of grass, etc. But one thing that should be guarded against most carefully is over-working the mare while the colt is young. Being weak from foaling and generally thinner in flesh than usual, she can be exhausted before you are aware of what you are doing. To exhaust the mare in the least before the foal is five months old will necessarily injure both. One thing I used to do, and I see many farmers do who have not given the matter the thought they should, and that is to compel the colt to go wherever the mare goes by haltering it to her side. Only a few days ago a gentleman remarked to me, as we were admiring a fine little filly only three weeks old, that it had traveled more than thirty-five miles the day before and did not look the worse of the wear. I could not help telling him that such treatment was the worst thing that he could do for his colt. True it did not look very badly, but it showed signs of fatigue, and who knows how much injury that trip of thirty-five miles had done that future horse. Such strains are not only injurious themselves but they prepare the young animals for injuries that await them, for when a young horse once becomes stunted or hurt it seems to take but little to hurt it again. It would have been far better to have kept that filly at home in a pasture field with other young horses, or old ones either, than to have compelled it to make a trip like that.

tinily a very natural error to make by persons not as well acquainted with effects of disease, as most veterinarians are at the present day, for in chronic cases of lameness at the distal extremity of the leg, the muscles in the neighborhood of the shoulder or hip, invariably waste, so it is to be wondered at that these points should be thought to be the seat of the disease? But dissections have shown time and again that this atrophy occurs with chronic diseases of the foot or hock. Animals lame in the shoulder or hip usually have a difficulty in bringing the foot forward and do so, as a rule, in a sort of rotary manner. Animals lame in the knee often walk sound or nearly so, but the nodding of the head at the trot is very perceptible. Horses lame in the foot generally point that organ when standing; when lame in the hind foot, if from a puncture, they take a peculiar long step during progression. If an animal is lame in both front feet it will progress in a stumbling sort of way eloquently termed 'groggy'; if lame in both hind legs it will move in an awkward, stiff manner.

## How Fast Trotters are Handled.

The *National Live Stock Journal* tells how Maud S. and the pacer Johnson are handled by their driver, Wm. Bair:

They were given the benefit of rest, but it was not continued to the point of deterioration. Their shoes were removed in the early fall, and they were allowed to run at large when the grass was still full of growth and nutrition. The surface of the skin was relieved from the irritation of grooming, and the quantity, though not the quality, of their food was lessened. Inclement weather always found them under shelter, and the depth of their clean straw beds effectively prevented the possibility of hide chafing and joint sores, that mar the bodies and limbs of horses that sleep upon the hard ground. This vacation continued about two months. When the colt was of the watch tower had rung out the old year and rang in the new, then the vacation of these phenomenal performers had ended. Inaction, with generous treatment, had made them fat and lusty. The gradual process of reducing them to muscle, sinew, and frame, with all burdensome flesh eliminated, was then carefully begun. Their shoes were put on the cleaning brush and rubbing cloths at first lightly applied, and they received for ten days walking exercise, before they were even permitted to indulge in the slow jog-trot. Their cleaning and work was increased every day, but from New Year's Day to the first day of April they were never speeded fast enough to produce a glow of perspiration. Thus their muscles were gradually seasoned and the fat reduced, while their work and diet were increased, so that when the spring campaign fairly opened, they were in superb condition to make creditable public performances. During this spring preparation they were not deprived of the tender grass, but every day to the halter they were treated to the life-restoring, medicinal qualities of the green grass.

## Turf and Track.

In the three-year-old race trotted at Jackson last week, four of the entries were by Trot.

A. G. DEWEY, grandson of Louis Napoleon, three years old, won the three race at LaSalle, on the 1st inst., in three straight heats; time, 3:44½, 2:50½ and 2:88. He is said to have shown quarters in 33 seconds, and halves in 1:10, with apparent ease.

C. J. STUART's horse Burnside by Louis Napoleon, divided second and third money with Potosky Maid in the half mile race at Ovid, during the recent meeting. In the free-for-all the next day, he threw a shoe in the first heat and was drawn after the second heat.

Up to the present time there have been 33 horses which have trotted a mile in 2:17½ or better. Of these eight have been stallions, the list including Phyllis, Smuggler, Jerome Eddy, Director, Black Cloud, Piedmont, Robert McGregor and Santa Claus.

Lameness Among Horses.

E. A. Grange, in the *College Speculum*, writing of lameness in horses says:

"In some diseases the animal comes out of the stable sound, or nearly so, but after being driven for a mile or two, more or less, it begins to go lame, and the hant increases with progression; on the other hand, animals will be brought out of the stable 'stiff and sore,' but after being driven for a time will begin to get better, and eventually drive out of the lameness; but if such an animal be rested for an hour or so the lameness will return, to disappear again, on progressing. We find by observation that the first class, those that get lame as they go, are often affected with disease of binding ligaments or muscles, sprains of various descriptions, while the second class, those that drive out of their lameness, are generally chronic diseases of joints, and often difficult to overcome."

"The first thing to be done when examining a case of lameness is to determine the disabled member, which is not always such an easy matter as one at first sight might suppose; indeed animals have been brought under our notice which have gone through various forms of treatment for supposed diseases in one leg, when the opposite one was the culprit. Again, when a horse is lame in say the off fore leg, if it is trotted from a person it will appear as if lame in the right hind leg, that quarter rising and falling in a very irregular manner; but when such an animal is reversed and trotted towards the observer it will at once be seen that the irregularity of movement depends upon the ascent and descent of the fore quarter, showing that a horse should always be trotted to and from the observer, especially a beginner, before an opinion is formed; and to determine which limb is at fault observe which leg the animal drops the weight of its body upon during progression: that will be the healthy one."

"In the stable a careful observer will see that the animal bears more weight on the sound leg than the lame one."

"A few years ago before veterinary surgery was studied systematically in colleges, as it is now, nearly all occult lameness in front was supposed to be in the shoulder, and that in the hind leg pronounced to be in the hip. This was cer-

tainly a very natural error to make by persons not as well acquainted with effects of disease, as most veterinarians are at the present day, for in chronic cases of lameness at the distal extremity of the leg, the muscles in the neighborhood of the shoulder or hip, invariably waste, so it is to be wondered at that these points should be thought to be the seat of the disease? But dissections have shown time and again that this atrophy occurs with chronic diseases of the foot or hock. Animals lame in the shoulder or hip usually have a difficulty in bringing the foot forward and do so, as a rule, in a sort of rotary manner. Animals lame in the knee often walk sound or nearly so, but the nodding of the head at the trot is very perceptible. Horses lame in the foot generally point that organ when standing; when lame in the hind foot, if from a puncture, they take a peculiar long step during progression. If an animal is lame in both front feet it will progress in a stumbling sort of way eloquently termed 'groggy'; if lame in both hind legs it will move in an awkward, stiff manner."

Treatment of Suckling Colts.

If you will allow me the space in your valuable paper I should like to say something in regard to the treatment of young colts. The interest which is being taken by the farmers generally in the matter of breeding up their horse stock is beginning to tell very materially, and I believe it will be the duty of all engaged in breeding horses to study the subject more closely every year. While breeding good horses is essential it is not all that is necessary in order to raise good horses. After a colt is foaled it is like a plant, it needs care and cultivation. When it is quite young about the only way to treat it as far as food is concerned is through the dam. Every mouthful of food taken by the mare will have an effect upon the colt, and I have often noticed that the effect is much greater on the colt than it is on the mother. Any food that has the least tendency to make the mare sour or loosen up her bowels will act with a great deal more power on the bowels of the colt. This being the case, it is quite necessary that any such food be cautiously avoided and especially when the colt is quite young. When colt is but a few days or a week old it will begin to nibble at the grass or whatever green stuff may come in its way. Colts will seldom if ever eat anything that will injure them and should be allowed to run where they can get what they want in the way of grass, etc. But one thing that should be guarded against most carefully is over-working the mare while the colt is young. Being weak from foaling and generally thinner in flesh than usual, she can be exhausted before you are aware of what you are doing. To exhaust the mare in the least before the foal is five months old will necessarily injure both. One thing I used to do, and I see many farmers do who have not given the matter the thought they should, and that is to compel the colt to go wherever the mare goes by haltering it to her side. Only a few days ago a gentleman remarked to me, as we were admiring a fine little filly only three weeks old, that it had traveled more than thirty-five miles the day before and did not look the worse of the wear. I could not help telling him that such treatment was the worst thing that he could do for his colt. True it did not look very badly, but it showed signs of fatigue, and who knows how much injury that trip of thirty-five miles had done that future horse. Such strains are not only injurious themselves but they prepare the young animals for injuries that await them, for when a young horse once becomes stunted or hurt it seems to take but little to hurt it again. It would have been far better to have kept that filly at home in a pasture field with other young horses, or old ones either, than to have compelled it to make a trip like that.

It may be safely said that a well-bred ram is more than half the flock, and if vigorous and well developed impresses his likeness on the offspring with more force than the ewe that is of a lower grade. Many flockmasters make a small income

Government to select for it an American trainer to go to the land of the Czar and found a training school there. The Orlofs of Russia have trotting dispositions, but they have not been handled in a way to develop light harnessed speed. The vehicles are clumsy, the harnesses heavy and not well proportioned, and the methods of training bad. The Government very properly thinks much benefit will be derived by adopting the ideas which have placed the American trotting horse ahead of all others in the world.

## Horsemen's Testimony.

OFFICE ELWOOD & LINDGREN, FEED AND BOARDING, ST. CLOUD, MINN., CLEVELAND, O., DEC. 30, 1883.

LAWRENCE, WILLIAMS & CO.—Dear Sirs—I have been using Gombault's Caustic Balsam for over three years, and I cheerfully state that I have never used or heard of a remedy that was reliable and thorough in its action. I would sooner have my old mare die than use any other than Gombault's Caustic Balsam. It can be diluted and used for many kinds of ailments not mentioned in your circular, and with complete satisfaction. I have used it for spavins, splints, curb, sweeny, contracted hoof, sore, strained tendons, etc. I can assure you that you will keep your tools in better order—the best way in the world to save pennies and dimes. Using a dull axe, hoe, scythe or spade is a waste of labor, and labor is cash."

ELWOOD & SON.

Messrs. Elwood & Son have for many years conducted the largest and best livery and feed stable in Cleveland, and the above certificate was given without any solicitation whatever.

For the information of all we would say that every genuine bottle of the Gombault's Caustic Balsam has the signature of Lawrence Williams & Co., Cleveland, Ohio, on the label, as they are sole importers of it to this country.

## The Farm.

## Wheat Smut.

This wheat parasite (known to botanists as *Tilletia caries*) consists of slender threads of microscopic size which insinuate themselves between the cells and tissues of the young wheat plant, drawing therefrom the nutrient matters, and thereby reducing considerably the general vitality of the affected plant. As is well known an ordinary plant consists of a great number of cells, each resembling a microscopic bladder, filled with protoplasm, water and some other substances. When the eyes stronger, the interior of a young wheat plant would appear not much unlike a barrel of potatoes, the potatoes representing the cells. The cells in the plant, much as the potatoes in the barrel, have empty or vacant spaces between one another. Now, if we can imagine some slender plant growing up between the cells of the wheat plant, the smut parasite attacks the wheat plant. The parasite, however, not content with growing in between the cells of the wheat plant, and so robbing them, actually penetrates them, thrusting in branches and suckers here and there in order to more certainly secure their nutritious contents.

When the wheat begins to head, the parasitic threads push their way into the young kernels, and there find an abundance of food. Here the parasite reaches its highest development, and produces an abundant crop of its minute black spores, to serve as seed for the next year's crop. A wheat kernel thus filled with spores is generally a little shorter and thicker than a healthy grain, and always of a dark greenish color. Upon crushing it, a most offensive odor is given off by the black, dusty mass of the interior. Now, if we put some of this black dust under a good microscope, we shall see that is made up of round bodies, the individual spores, which in these low plants answer the same purpose as seeds of the higher ones. When the smutted grains are broken, as many are in threshing, the spores adhere to the tuft of hairs on the normal grains and are thus sown with the latter. I have repeatedly examined the good kernels in wheat which was somewhat affected by smut, and found that scores of spores adhered to them especially in the hairs and in the deep fold that runs lengthwise upon the grain. When once become attached, they remain with great persistence and it is very difficult indeed to separate them, so that a few crushed smut-grains thoroughly inoculate a considerable quantity of wheat.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly that the disease is propagated by the spores, and that the sowing of seed containing smut spores is followed, under favorable conditions, by a new crop of smut. The spores can be readily germinated, and the process of growth watched for some distance, but with perhaps one exception, all attempts to discover the exact mode of entrance of the parasite into the young wheat plant have signally failed. It can be shown that the infection must take place during the early growth of the wheat. Some years ago I made many careful examinations of smutted wheat in the field and found that the whole plant in nearly every case was affected, showing that the disease must have begun before the plant commenced "stooling out," and that it followed up the several branches as it grew. This accords with the results of investigations made some years since in Europe by Dr. Fischer von Waldheim, and the findings of the German Society for Agriculture.

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## Horticultural.

## THE ZEBRA CATERPILLAR.

BY CLARENCE M. WEED.

During the latter part of last season this pest appeared in great numbers in many parts of the State, and its visit will probably be repeated the present season. Have a short notice of its ravages and the remedies for them may be acceptable to the readers of the FARMER.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

When very young the larvae or worms are almost black, but as they become older they become of a lighter color, being pale and green. When full grown they are described as "about two inches in length, and of a black color, with the red, legs and belly tawny-red, and with two narrow lateral yellow lines on each side, between which are numerous transverse, white, irregular, zebra-like, finer lines appearing blue by contrast with the black, and breaking the latter into lines resembling I V N W. Each lateral line is marginated on one side with a white line. The surface of the body is almost entirely hairless."

These caterpillars feed on a variety of food plants, seeming to prefer the *mustard*, or that family to which cabbages and cauliflower belong. They are also said to devour asparagus, honey suckle, mignonette and buckwheat.

When young they are gregarious, a large number feeding on the same leaf. At this time they can easily be destroyed by handpicking.

When full grown, the larvae descend into the ground a few inches and pupate. The pupa are brown, and about three-fourths of an inch long. From these pupae the brown moths (*Cramica picta*) come forth. The front part of the body and the anterior wings are of a peculiar light brown color; the posterior wings are white shaded with brown at the sides. There are two light spots on each front wing, the outer being a sort of network of light lines, and the inner smaller and oval. In Michigan there are two broods of the zebra caterpillar in a season, the first appearing in June and the second in August.

## REMEDIES.

Last September when these pests were very numerous, I found that pyrethrum powder, in the proportion of a tablespoonful to two gallons of water, would kill them, as was also true of the kerosene emulsion so much advocated of late.

## FLORICULTURAL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Ohio Farmer says: "When a large tree dies, the main trunk can be made into a pretty object, after being trimmed up, by planing at its base some free growing vine, such as the woodbine. It will entirely cover it in a year or two with a mass of foliage. A climbing rose would be as good, although the foliage would not be so dense; but by planting two of different colors, blooming at the same time, the Boursault and the white climbing rose, you have a column of flowers that will well repay the outlay."

SAYS the American C. I. C. "One of the most beautiful of autumn flowers is the fringed gentian. It has a permanent place in literature from Bryant's 'Fringed Gentian.' What is still more in favor is its power of expanding its blossoms when picked and put in water. Just before the buds expand, cut off the whole plant and put it in a vase which must be kept constantly filled with fresh water. The buds open in succession. There are often forty or fifty buds on a plant, and if it is kept well supplied with fresh water, they will usually all open in this manner it is not difficult to keep it in bloom a whole month. Do not pull up the root of the plant, but let it remain to bloom in other years. It is too choice a plant to destroy."

plies much smaller, much homelier in appearance, but infinitely better to eat, apples from the orchards of New England and New York, the valleys of Pennsylvania and the river-side slopes of Maryland. The old Californian, however, protests that this is not a fair decision; that the fruit growers of the Pacific States know their market demands, size and color chiefly, flavor being a secondary matter.

Some of the apples that are prime Eastern favorites fail to retain their flavor on the Pacific coast: others that hold no rank whatever in New York markets are the pride of many private California gardens. That wonderful apple, the yellow Newtown Pippin, is, however, at the head of the list in all parts of California and Oregon. Skinner's Seedling, an ancient apple originated in San Jose, has taken high rank. The small red Romanite apple is of the highest quality.

Eupus Spitzbergen and Northern Spy suit the mountains, but fail in most of the lowland region. There is no reason to doubt that in a few years the accusation of lack of flavor brought against California apples will cease to have any point. For eight or ten years large shipments of apples have gone to Australia from San Francisco, immense quantities are dried and canned, and the apple crop of the Pacific coast is becoming one of the largest items in its horticultural production.

## POISONOUS PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

There are many plants, says the *Druggist*, whose leaves, flowers and seeds contain virulent poisons, which every one should know, so as to avoid them and keep children from them.

"Silver Queen is a light, yellow berry, considerably like Brinkle's Orange, which is the most delicious of raspberries. It has quite a low, branching cane and is much more inclined to sprout than Brinkle's."

years had. When the soil is strong enough to sustain the fruit the yield increases annually. Mr. J. has several acres of this variety in bearing, and has planted quite an additional acre this year. Its great superiority is its small percentage of water, less than three quarts being required for one pound of dried.

"The Gregg suffers most from winter's rigors, and from wet feet, but when the great clusters of monster berries appear, Mr. Johnston as well as other growers, is inclined to forget its demerits. These three varieties occupy, by far, the greater portion of the area covered with bearing blackcaps. He has not entirely discarded the Mammoth Cluster, that still remains a favorite for the table, by reason of its good quality and small number of seeds.

"Among the new kinds, Hopkins, now in bearing the second year, is fast becoming a favorite. It is about three days later than Tyler in ripening, a little stronger grower, sweeter and more productive. Keyes, in bearing with him the first time, is the sweetest of black-caps. Sweet Home, thought by some to be identical with Gregg, is not, having finer canes, and being juicier, sweeter and softer.

"Onondaga appears very much like the old Doolittle. Thus far they have picked about 20,000 quarts of black-caps this year.

"Shaffer, the hybrid, is also growing in favor with Mr. Johnson; he has not yet tried evaporating it, being able to dispose of what he grows to families, but he is extending it.

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## CHARCOAL IN HORTICULTURE.

Not only florists but the growers of small fruits in Europe are making use of charcoal for promoting the growth of the plants they cultivate. It is not claimed that the charcoal is in any sense a fertilizer. It is an inert substance, and one not liable to pass into a state of decay even under the most favorable circumstances. It endures longer when exposed to the action of the elements than any of the metals, except those that are ranked as precious. When it forms a union with the oxygen of the air it forms nothing but carbonic acid, which, though highly useful to plants, is obtained from the air without the trouble of producing it.

It contains considerable potash and some lime which the roots of plants will appreciate. Its principal use, however, consists in storing up moisture, fertilizing elements contained in water, and various gases as ammonia, and giving them out as the wants of plants require. A barrel of freshly-burned charcoal will absorb nearly its own bulk of soap-suds or liquid manure without presenting the appearance of being wet. The roots of the plants will pass between the pieces of charcoal, and will often penetrate them, and in so doing will be in a position to appropriate the substances in the pores. Charcoal is very desirable for placing in pots or boxes in which house plants are raised. It will retain many of the bad odors that are likely to arise from most fertilizers. It is also very desirable for garden beds in which roses, annual flowers, and edible vegetables are raised. It is an excellent substance for placing in the form in which it is taken from the kiln, or is usually found in the market. For these purposes it should be buried quite deeply. Persons who sell or use charcoal often have considerable that is too fine for keeping up a fire, and will dispose of it for a nominal price. This will be very suitable for use in the house, or the flower, or vegetable garden. Persons who have large grapevines will find it to their advantage to burn their own charcoal.

SAYS the New England Farmer: "One of the most beautiful of autumn flowers is the fringed gentian. It has a permanent place in literature from Bryant's 'Fringed Gentian.' What is still more in favor is its power of expanding its blossoms when picked and put in water. Just before the buds expand, cut off the whole plant and put it in a vase which must be kept constantly filled with fresh water. The buds open in succession. There are often forty or fifty buds on a plant, and if it is kept well supplied with fresh water, they will usually all open in this manner it is not difficult to keep it in bloom a whole month. Do not pull up the root of the plant, but let it remain to bloom in other years. It is too choice a plant to destroy."

The bulb of the daffodils were once mistaken for leeks and boiled in soup, with very disastrous effects, making the whole household intensely nauseated, and the children did not recover from their effects for several days.

## THE NEWER RASPBERRIES.

The horticultural editor of *Rural Home*, Mr. P. C. Reynolds, has visited the fruit farm of Mr. Robert Johnston, in Ontario Co., N. Y., and gives the result of sundry observations on some of the new sorts of raspberries being tried on the farm. In regard to the soil of the farm he says:

"There are several grades of soil on the farm, black, sandy-muck, light, sandy-loam with mixture of clay in the subsoil, and pretty stiff clay. He planted his first raspberries and blackberries in the light sandy loam with quicksand subsoil, and although they made a fine show the first three or four years, they now show symptoms of failing. Such soil has not strength to produce maximum crops for successive years. He is gradually superseding the raspberries on this soil with farm crops, and extending his fruit plantations on the stronger sandy loam and even on the clay loam. Clay, when worked in the best condition as to moisture will grow large crops of black caps, and we think some varieties will grow more and more productive on such soil for six to eight years."

"Black cap raspberries take the lead among the numerous varieties of small fruits:

"Among varieties of black-caps, the Tyler is a favorite with Mr. Johnston. Hardy and vigorous cane, enduring the severest winters even when the roots were in too close proximity with the quicksand, very productive, with its season extending from near the earliest to near the latest, a coal black berry looking very attractive on the market stand, it takes well with buyers and proves profitable. It contains a larger percentage of water than some others, hence requires more quarts of fresh berries to make a pound of dried fruit."

"The Ohio is another great favorite of Mr. Johnston. This plant seems to be very strong and vigorous, and seems to throw out an increasing number of canes every year, for several years. It does not appear to reach its maximum of production under six or seven years. As we remarked on Dr. Van Dusen's grounds near Newark, those that had been planted five years seemed to have nearly double the number of bearing canes to a stool than those planted three

years had. When the soil is strong enough to sustain the fruit the yield increases annually. Mr. J. has several acres of this variety in bearing, and has planted quite an additional acre this year. Its great superiority is its small percentage of water, less than three quarts being required for one pound of dried.

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"There are several grades of soil on the farm, black, sandy-muck, light, sandy-loam with mixture of clay in the subsoil, and pretty stiff clay. He planted his first raspberries and blackberries in the light sandy loam with quicksand subsoil, and although they made a fine show the first three or four years, they now show symptoms of failing. Such soil has not strength to produce maximum crops for successive years. He is gradually superseding the raspberries on this soil with farm crops, and extending his fruit plantations on the stronger sandy loam and even on the clay loam. Clay, when worked in the best condition as to moisture will grow large crops of black caps, and we think some varieties will grow more and more productive on such soil for six to eight years."

"Black cap raspberries take the lead among the numerous varieties of small fruits:

"Among varieties of black-caps, the Tyler is a favorite with Mr. Johnston. Hardy and vigorous cane, enduring the severest winters even when the roots were in too close proximity with the quicksand, very productive, with its season extending from near the earliest to near the latest, a coal black berry looking very attractive on the market stand, it takes well with buyers and proves profitable. It contains a larger percentage of water than some others, hence requires more quarts of fresh berries to make a pound of dried fruit."

"The Ohio is another great favorite of Mr. Johnston. This plant seems to be very strong and vigorous, and seems to throw out an increasing number of canes every year, for several years. It does not appear to reach its maximum of production under six or seven years. As we remarked on Dr. Van Dusen's grounds near Newark, those that had been planted five years seemed to have nearly double the number of bearing canes to a stool than those planted three

years had. When the soil is strong enough to sustain the fruit the yield increases annually. Mr. J. has several acres of this variety in bearing, and has planted quite an additional acre this year. Its great superiority is its small percentage of water, less than three quarts being required for one pound of dried.

"The Gregg suffers most from winter's rigors, and from wet feet, but when the great clusters of monster berries appear, Mr. Johnston as well as other growers, is inclined to forget its demerits. These three varieties occupy, by far, the greater portion of the area covered with bearing blackcaps. He has not entirely discarded the Mammoth Cluster, that still remains a favorite for the table, by reason of its good quality and small number of seeds.

"Among the new kinds, Hopkins, now in bearing the second year, is fast becoming a favorite. It is about three days later than Tyler in ripening, a little stronger grower, sweeter and more productive. Keyes, in bearing with him the first time, is the sweetest of black-caps. Sweet Home, thought by some to be identical with Gregg, is not, having finer canes, and being juicier, sweeter and softer.

"Onondaga appears very much like the old Doolittle. Thus far they have picked about 20,000 quarts of black-caps this year.

"Shaffer, the hybrid, is also growing in favor with Mr. Johnson; he has not yet tried evaporating it, being able to dispose of what he grows to families, but he is extending it.

"Silver Queen is a light, yellow berry, considerably like Brinkle's Orange, which is the most delicious of raspberries. It has quite a low, branching cane and is much more inclined to sprout than Brinkle's."

## CHARCOAL IN HORTICULTURE.

Not only florists but the growers of small fruits in Europe are making use of charcoal for promoting the growth of the plants they cultivate. It is not claimed that the charcoal is in any sense a fertilizer. It is an inert substance, and one not liable to pass into a state of decay even under the most favorable circumstances. It endures longer when exposed to the action of the elements than any of the metals, except those that are ranked as precious. When it forms a union with the oxygen of the air it forms nothing but carbonic acid, which, though highly useful to plants, is obtained from the air without the trouble of producing it.

It contains considerable potash and some lime which the roots of plants will appreciate. Its principal use, however, consists in storing up moisture, fertilizing elements contained in water, and various gases as ammonia, and giving them out as the wants of plants require. A barrel of freshly-burned charcoal will absorb nearly its own bulk of soap-suds or liquid manure without presenting the appearance of being wet. The roots of the plants will pass between the pieces of charcoal, and will often penetrate them, and in so doing will be in a position to appropriate the substances in the pores. Charcoal is very desirable for placing in pots or boxes in which house plants are raised. It will retain many of the bad odors that are likely to arise from most fertilizers. It is also very desirable for garden beds in which roses, annual flowers, and edible vegetables are raised. It is an excellent substance for placing in the form in which it is taken from the kiln, or is usually found in the market. For these purposes it should be buried quite deeply. Persons who sell or use charcoal often have considerable that is too fine for keeping up a fire, and will dispose of it for a nominal price. This will be very suitable for use in the house, or the flower, or vegetable garden. Persons who have large grapevines will find it to their advantage to burn their own charcoal.

SAYS the New England Farmer: "One of the most beautiful of autumn flowers is the fringed gentian. It has a permanent place in literature from Bryant's 'Fringed Gentian.' What is still more in favor is its power of expanding its blossoms when picked and put in water. Just before the buds expand, cut off the whole plant and put it in a vase which must be kept constantly filled with fresh water. The buds open in succession. There are often forty or fifty buds on a plant, and if it is kept well supplied with fresh water, they will usually all open in this manner it is not difficult to keep it in bloom a whole month. Do not pull up the root of the plant, but let it remain to bloom in other years. It is too choice a plant to destroy."

The bulb of the daffodils were once mistaken for leeks and boiled in soup, with very disastrous effects, making the whole household intensely nauseated, and the children did not recover from their effects for several days.

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## MICHIGAN FARMER

State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

JOHNSTONE &amp; GIBBONS, Publishers.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:  
44 Larned Street, West, (Post and Tribune Building), Detroit, Mich.P. B. BROMFIELD,  
Manager of Eastern Office,  
21 Park Row, New York.

## The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1884.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 295,942 bu., against 293,723 bu. the previous week, and 110,273 bu. for corresponding week in 1883. Shipments for the week were 290,452 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 153,353 bu., against 153,353 last week, and 190,731 the corresponding week in 1883. The visible supply of this grain on August 9 was 16,543,833 bu., against 15,075,971 the previous week, and 20,401,650 bu. at corresponding date in 1883. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 1,467,881 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending August 9 were 1,273,216 bu., against 2,172,776 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 10,237,355 bu. against 7,469,131 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1883.

Wheat, at the close of the week, was lower than for the past twenty two years, and even at the lowest point reached no one seemed to want it. There is nothing new in the out-look, and it is safe to say that were it an ordinary business year, much wealth could be acquired by purchasing at present prices. But it is not an ordinary year. Business moves along in a halting, half-hearted way, the disappearance of a bank cashier or a "trusted employee" of some big company, or the failure of a house, being the only features of interest in trade, and it is a question what the result of all the these failures, frauds, disappearances, receiverships, etc., will be upon the country. It is a safe year to carry little canvas and keep close to shore. Perhaps about the holidays, when there will be more attention paid to business than politics, and the future policy of the country is settled for another four years, capitalists may see a good thing in wheat. Let us hope so, at least; and that when trade revives, and the laboring classes are all employed, the staff of life will be in increased demand and at prices that will at least pay farmers the cost of production. Yesterday this market was fairly active for cash wheat, but at a lower range of values. White wheat was neglected and weak, and closed 1c below Saturday's figures. Red wheat was much steadier, but showed a slight shrinkage. The Chicago market closed about 1c under Saturday's figures, after considerable fluctuation. Toledo was quiet and steady with No. 2 red at 80c for spot, and same price for August and September deliveries. The British markets were all dull and weak for foreign wheat; 105 car-loads of spot were sold.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from August 1st to August 18th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	white, red, red.
Aug. 1	97	87 1/4	88	
2	90	85	85	
3	95 1/2	85 1/2	88 1/2	
4	95 1/2	87 1/2	89 1/2	
5	93	87 1/2	87 1/2	
6	93	87 1/2	87 1/2	
7	92 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	
8	91 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2	
9	90	85	84 1/2	
10	89 1/2	84	83 1/2	
11	89 1/2	84	83 1/2	
12	89 1/2	84	83 1/2	
13	89 1/2	84	83 1/2	
14	89 1/2	84	83 1/2	
15	89 1/2	84	83 1/2	
16	88	83	83 1/2	
17	88	83	83 1/2	
18	88	83	83 1/2	

In futures business is very light, and values have declined about as much as cash wheat. In No. 1 white the closing quotations each day for the past week were as follows:

	August	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday	85	88 1/2	89
Wednesday	85	90	90
Thursday	85	88 1/2	89 1/2
Friday	88	88	88
Saturday	85	86 1/2	87
Monday	85	85 1/2	86

For No. 2 red quotations on futures closed each day of the past week as follows:

	August	Sept.	Oct.
Friday	85	85 1/2	85 1/2
Saturday	85	85 1/2	85 1/2
Monday	85	85 1/2	85 1/2

No. 1 white and No. 2 red are approaching each other very closely in value. Of the receipts the past week 153 car-loads were white, and 425 car-loads were red wheat.

The wheat crop of the United States is generally estimated at from 475 to 485 millions of bushels, but some dealers on the "bear" side talk of 500 to 525 millions as the probable out-put. The Canadian crop is the largest and best for some years, late estimates putting it at 30,632,697 bu., against 21,323,902 bu. last year.

The foreign markets are dull and weak, and British and continental dealers are expecting to be overwhelmed with American wheat at extremely low prices as soon as the crop begins to move forward. But it is doubtful if the movement will be active at present prices. Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota farmers will not sell any more of their crop than necessity requires at 50c-55c per bu. for the best grades, all that is now offered them.

The following table shows the prices ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Aug. 18	Aug. 11
Flour, extra State....	10s 6d	10s 6d
Wheat, No. 1 white....	8s 7 d.	8s 7 d.
do Spring No. 2 '82 7s. 3 d.	7s. 3 d.	7s. 3 d.
do do do new 7s. 2 d.	7s. 2 d.	7s. 2 d.
do Western 1883....	7s. 4 d.	7s. 6 d.

## CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 9,234 bu., against 6,370 bu. the previous week, and 19,847 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. Shipments were 3,656 bu. The visible supply in the country on August 9, amounted to 4,171,812 bu. against 4,356,038 bu. the previous week, and 10,790,395 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 184,226 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 185,070 bu., against 297,262 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 4,777,775 bu., against 5,493,333 bu. for the corresponding period in 1883. The stocks now held in this city amount to 12,418 bu., against 5,851 bu. last week, and 17,008 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883.

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 53c per cwt., a advance of 2s. over the figures reported one week ago. The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 88,458 lbs. against 102,463 boxes the previous week, and 67,597 boxes the corresponding week in 1883. The exports from all American ports for the week ending Aug. 9, up to 7,932,526 lbs., against 7,984,570 lbs. the previous week, and 7,113,018 two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 7,081,891 lbs.

## HOPS.

The hop market is very quiet at present, and as buyers do not manifest any disposition to take hold before the new crop begins to come forward, and exporters are out of the market also, the trade is about at a standstill. Stocks of old are very light, and growers are still confident that prices are going to be comparatively high this season. The estimates of the new crop are general in placing the New York crop at from 25 to 30 per cent. below that of last season, but with the quality much better. Some growers will not have over 200 to 300 lbs. to the acre, but others run up to 800 or 1,000 lbs., and special yards as high as 1,400 lbs. to the acre. The Waterville Times mentions one or two special yards near that place, and to give our readers an idea of what is considered a good crop, we give an extract from what that paper says:

"There are three very best yards found in a day's drive of those of Menes, Earl Jones, Mr. Earl's Humphreys will go 1,000 pounds and the old varieties will give 700 pounds to the acre. Mr. James' Humphreys will yield 1,000 and the other yard 900 pounds to the acre. Mr. Cooley's Humphreys are good for 1,300 or 1,400 pounds to the acre, and the others will give 1,000 or 1,100. Edward Hilton last year amounted to 25,601 bu., against 3,984 bu. the previous week, and 26,435 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past week were 26,278 bu., against 6,882 bu. the previous week and 25,287 bu. for the corresponding week in 1883. The shipments were nothing. The visible supply of this grain on August 9 was 1,663,498 bu., against 2,832,948 bu. at the corresponding date in 1883. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 25,601 bu., against 3,984 bu. the previous week, and 26,435 bu. at the same date last year. 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## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

In compliance with the laws of the State of Kentucky requiring all the personal property of estates to be sold publicly, I will as Administrator of

JAMES C. HAMILTON, DECEASED,  
SELL  
HIS ENTIRE HERD OF BATES SHORTHORNS,

At His Late Residence, FLAT CREEK, Bath County, KY.

ON THE 24th AND 25th SEPTEMBER, 1884.

The herd numbers more than one hundred head of the following families: Ardrie Duchess, Barrington, Kirklevington, Rose of Sharon and Young Mary, and will include his Pure Bates Stock Bulls: 3rd Duke of Kent 5119, Barrington Duke 3702, 3d Duke of Kent, No. in Vol. 27.

Catalogues may be had by applying to me after August 10th.

GEO. G. HAMILTON, Administrator.

P. O. Flat Creek, Bath County, Ky.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1884, Williams & Hamilton, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., will sell a select draft of about fifty head from their Longwood Herd, which will include Kirklevingtons, Crags, Hilips, Places, Rose of Shasons, Young Maries, Phillips and Josephines, topped by 4th Duke of Geneva (30058), Grand Duke of Geneva (28759), Geneva Wild Eyes 51776 and Barington Duke 37622. Apply to them at Mt. Sterling, Ky., for catalogues.

The following account of the process of manufacture is taken from the *American Cultivator*:

The barns are substantial structures, not of the most modern and improved style: the stables for the cows in the basement, the floor cemented and slightly inclined lengthwise of the stable, so one cow stands just a trifle above her next neighbor below, and a gutter behind carries the liquid into the yard. The cows are littered with straw and every bit of space utilized, as the endeavor to supply the great demand for their butter has increased the number of the cows beyond the original design of the barn. In two of the barns the cows are tied with chains, while in a new one swing stanchions are used. The stables, while clean, like a good farmer's stable, are not such specimens of painful and impracticable neatness as some writers on dairy matters have considered inseparable from first-class butter. The cows are of no particular kind, though the Shorthorn blood is predominant; as grades, and an eye to the final end of all (cattle)flesh—beef—is kept in view in selection of cows.

Their herd averages about 250 head. They are kept in the stables the year through, except being let out into a suitable enclosure a part of the day in summer for a bite of grass and exercise. The greatest care is exercised in their feed, which is bright clover hay, cut and mixed with equal quantities, by weight, of corn meal and wheat bran—about 8 pounds of each, meal, bran and hay.

The milk is poured from the milking pail through a wire gauze strainer into a can which is taken when full, to the creamery, where it is again strained, this time through a cloth, when it passes directly to the tank holding it for separation from the cream. The cream is set aside in the cans to ripen, as the fashionable phrase is, or, in plain United States, to sour before churning, which is done twice a week; and in cold weather a little sour cream is left in the cream can to hasten the process.

The churn is made of cedar, barrel shaped, except being of uniform size, and with three narrow staves projecting inside. The butter is washed by pouring cold spring water into the churn after the buttermilk is drawn out, and before the butter is "gathered." It is worked by hand, not salted by guess, and after standing about an hour is re-worked, lumped and printed, then put away in coolers to be shipped next day. The prints are half-pound and pound lumps, each wrapped in muslin, and are shipped in galvanized iron cans, in cedar tubs with ice in warm weather, and holding from a pound and a half to twenty pounds of butter.

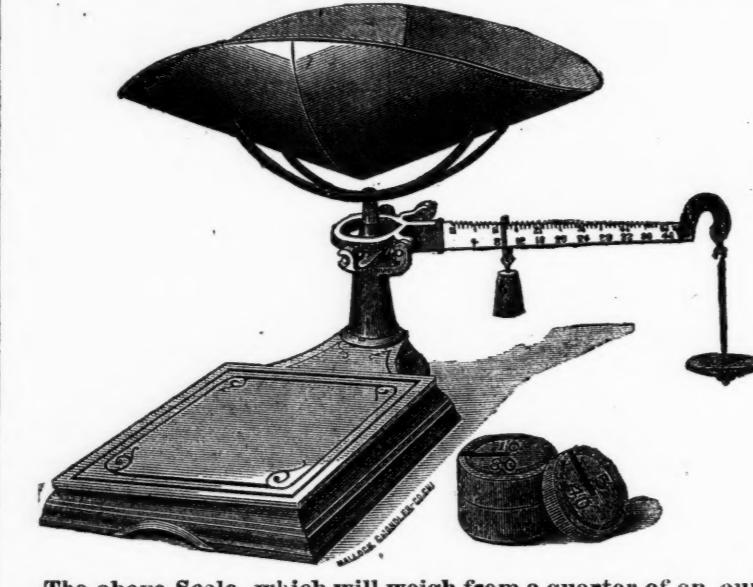
The lesson in this for the dairyman seems to be: Careful feeding, the making of a uniform article the year through, and getting a reputation for your butter. By this is meant the making of a good article and getting it to the consumer, with the knowledge of where it is made. The great mass of the butter sold and used is sold anonymously. The maker does not put his name on it, and the consumer has no means of getting the same again if he wishes to do so. In other manufactures it is considered a suspicious circumstance if the maker's name does not appear on the goods. Another point is, that none of the conditions here are beyond the reach and practice of the ordinary farmer on a small scale.

—

"In Summer When the Leaves Be Green"

Every denizen of the heated and dusty long lons for the leafy shades, the rippling brookside, or lordly lake or river, mountain crag or ocean surf,—anywhere, in fact, for heaven's cool and untainted breezes, rest from engrossing cares of business, recreation in a larger than ordinary sense. Wandering through green lanes, treading forest solitudes, following the stream, with rod and line, climbing granite peaks, drinking in the salty ozone of the sea breeze, he comes back to his desk a browner and healthier, a happier and a better man.

To direct his footsteps in the best and most expeditious manner to some of the finest and most picturesque scenery on the American continent is the object of two handsomely illustrated and printed folders recently issued by O. W. Ruggles, General Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central. If he desires to see the best and most charming as well as most varied scenes, in the least time, at the least expense, and in the most comfortable manner, and to avoid all possible delays and annoyances, he will write to Mr. Ruggles, at Chicago, for these folders. In them he will find excellent maps and bird's eye views, with interesting descriptions of Mackinac Island, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands and Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the White Mountains, the wonderful Muskoka Lake region, and other delightful summering places, with time cards showing how to reach them. The equipment of the Michigan Central and its connecting roads is unrivaled, and neither pains nor expense have been spared to bring every modern achievement of science to increase the comfort and safety of the traveler and facilitate his journeying.



The above Scale, which will weigh from a quarter of an ounce to 240 lbs., will be sent to any address for \$5.00, and the "Farmer" sent one year also. You can have the scale sent to one address and the "Farmer" to another if desired. The "Farmer" is \$1.50 per year, making the scale cost you just \$3.50.

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THE ECHO!

The publishers of this popular newspaper, the weekly edition of THE DETROIT EVENING NEWS, offer it on trial for three months at the nominal rate of 10 cents per copy. Address THE ECHO, Detroit, Mich.

A SPLENDID HOLSTEIN BULL.

For Sale, Lehman No. 1377 H. B.; calved March 11th, 1882. Sire, Imported Bull No. 407; dam Imported Fallow No. 301. One of the finest Holstein bull calves ever sired. Also three thoroughbred Holstein bull calves for sale.

A. P. CODDINGTON, Tecumseh, Mich.

FOR SALE.

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## Poetry.

## WISHING AND HAVING.

If to wish and to have were one, my dear,  
You would be sitting now  
With not a care in your tender heart,  
Not a wrinkle upon your brow;  
The clock of time would go back with you  
All the years you have been my wife,  
Till its golden hands had pointed out  
The happiest hour of your life;  
I would stop them at that immortal hour;  
The clock should no longer run;  
You would not be sad and sick and old—  
If to wish and to have were one.

You are not here in the winter, my love,  
The snow is not whirling down;  
You are in the heart of the summer woods,  
In your dear old seaside town;  
A patter of little feet in the leaves,  
A beautiful boy at your side;  
He is gathering flowers in the shady nook—  
It was but a dream that he died!  
Keep hold of his hands and sing to him;  
No mother under the sun  
Has such a scrupulous child as you—  
If to wish and to have were one.

methinks I am with you there, dear wife,  
In that old house by the sea;  
I have down to you as the blushing flies  
To his mate in the popular tree.  
A sailor's hammock hangs at the door,  
You swing in it, book in hand;  
A boat is standing in for the beach,  
He keel grates on the sand;  
Your brothers are coming—two happy men,  
whose lives have only begun;  
Their days will be long in the land, dear heart—  
If to wish and to have were one.

R. H. Stoddard.

## WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;  
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.  
I stay my haste, I make delays;  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.  
Asleep, away, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.  
What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.  
The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.  
The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave to the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE UNWILLING GUEST.

## FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

The old Baron did not require much pressing, but soon began his story: I think, my friends, you have all heard of the Countess Repay—the younger, of course—the bewitching little sprite, my little black-eyed Princess.

Mine! I only wish she were mine. You must all know her. I suspect you have all lost your hearts to her, as I have done; yet I, insignificant as I am, have been most favored. I drove in the same carriage with her for a whole night! True, there was a chaperon present, but I will not have my good luck disparaged. But may the devil fly away with such good luck!

One evening, in an evil hour, it occurred to her that her presence was indispensable at a ball which was to take place at Arad on the following night.

She immediately ordered her carriage. I was the only person near at hand. "Please, dear Baron," she cried, "escort me to Arad."

"Dear Baron, dear Baron!" What answer could I give her?

"Countess, ma deesse, it is dark as Erebus, the carriage will be upset; we have to cross three rivers—it will be a wonder if even two have safe bridges. We shall be drowned, Countess; our road lies through a forest of vast extent, lonely as the grave, and infested with thieves and murderers. We shall be assassinated—I could not protect you alone! Besides, why should we hurry so? Let us have an early cup of tea and set out in the morning; we shall reach Arad by noon, and you will have the whole afternoon for your toilet. Let us start to-morrow, Countess."

My representations were futile—she would start instanter. You know how obstinate she is. She said she "did not wish to postpone everything till the last moment," she wished "to recover from the fatigues of the journey." "How can I step straight out of the carriage into the ball-room after being heated, jolted, crushed, and tumbled by the drive?"

And, besides, she has a mania for driving at night—it is "so lovely, so romantic, the stars, the frogs, the moonbeams." These were all pretenses—she was determined to satisfy her whim at any cost.

Enfin, what should I do? accompany her, or stay alone in the castle?—a sweet alternative. I chose the former course; in her gratitude she allowed me the privilege of sitting opposite her in the carriage.

The truth will out; it was pleasant; I was almost oppressed with marks of the Countess's favor. First she confided a bandbox to my care, then her muff, then her traveling bag; lastly, a pair of gloves. Next she fell asleep—deaf to all conversation, she slumbered soundly; occasionally when the carriage jolted over a stone she would wake with a start: "Where is the traveling bag? Where is the muff? Are you sure you are not sitting on the bonnet box?" For heaven's sake take care, dear Baron!" Then she

fell asleep again; then the chaperon, who was suffering from *migraine*, began a querulous conversation, whimpering pitifully the while. I closed my eyes, feigning sleep. Suddenly the carriage stopped and began to heel over on one side, as if it also was about to seek repose.

The coachman jumped off the box and came to the window.

"I am almost afraid, your ladyship, that we have lost our way."

"What matters?" answered the Countess, "does not the road lie before us? Drive on, of course."

"There is a road, my lady, but where does it lead?"

"It must lead somewhere."

"But I am afraid it will lead us to a place not altogether safe."

"What a fool you are! Every place is safe—where are we now?"

"In the forest of Szalonta."

"Well, this forest ends somewhere. If I remember right it only takes two hours to drive through it either way."

"But the coachman is afraid," I ventured.

"Is he paid for being afraid?"

"He is afraid, dear Countess, that something disagreeable may happen to you."

"That's no affair of his."

"Or that the horses—"

"Well, that's his lookout."

"That there are some poor devils in this forest who try to get their living by—"

"Folly! Isn't our coachman a poor devil himself?"

"Yes; but he means those poor men who are in the habit of relieving one of a horse, and not unfrequently of a carriage too. Countess, *ma deesse*, it is no joke; they might steal the horses, take our lives, or even worse. If I only had my revolver with me!"

"So that you might have it stolen too," jested the fair fiend. Thereupon she opened the carriage door and before I could prevent her, leaped gracefully out into the darkness. "Oh, what a lovely night! How fragrant the forest is! how the glow worms sparkle! Look at them, dear Baron!"

"Look! what am I to look at? It is pitch dark, I cannot see anything."

"Nothing! Is not that a light gleaming under the trees yonder?"

My blood curdled. We were close to the robbers' den. The coachman had also described the light; he now said, in a voice which resembled that of a man who was being hanged:

"That is the inn, my lady, frequented by the poor men."

"Capital! Drive to the inn, coachman, for we have no other refuge for the night."

I was in despair. "For Heaven's sake, Countess, what are you going to do? This is a notorious den of thieves, where we shall all be assassinated; the host is a confederate; many travelers have already met their death. Only lately I read in the papers—"

The diabolical creature interrupted me with a loud laugh.

"These are only old women's tales," she said; "who is afraid of such imaginary bogeys? If there were a hotel any where near, we should of course drive to it. As it is, we must put up with the tavern."

So saying, she told the coachman to follow her slowly with the carriage; she meant to advance on foot, to show him the way. Remonstrances were useless, she threatened to penetrate the *csarda* alone if we would not accompany her. The little Countess would have done it, too! As we approached the building, strums of gypsy music became audible.

"Strange!" jested the Countess, "we wanted to go to a ball, and here we have suddenly lit upon one. How very fortunate!"

With these words she walked up to the door.

For a moment I reflected that it would be wisest to leave her here, and to betake myself to the forest; but it would not have been right to forsake her, and, besides, I had no choice, for Mademoiselle Cesarine, the chaperon, had seized my arm, which she would not relinquish. Poor creature, she was half dead with fright, and shook like an aspen leaf. At some distance we could hear the wild shouts with which those assembled in the tavern accompanied their dance. Nothing daunted by all this, the Countess boldly opened the door and walked in.

We entered a long low room, stained with smoke. In my first fright I fancied that I beheld at least fifty bandits dancing and singing before me. Subsequently, when I had somewhat recovered myself, I counted them, and it appeared that they amounted to nine in all, including the landlord and three gypsies who formed the band. Five, however, are plenty! I wished them all at Jericho. Five muscular, gigantic fellows! Their heads almost touched the ceiling. Their pistols—each had one—were lying in a corner of the room. I noticed them at the first sight. "Well, we shall be lucky if we ever leave this den alive," thought I.

When the fellows saw us they paused in their dance, and stared at us with great, sparkling eyes. Our temerity astonished them. My little Countess advanced into the room, and as a bewitching smile addressed them with as follows:

"Pray forgive us for having disturbed you in your entertainment; we have lost our way, and as the darkness prevented us from driving any further, we beg you to give us shelter for the night."

One of the five bandits advanced toward her—he was the handsomest and slimmest of them all. He twirled the ends of his moustache, took off his hat, rattled his spurs till they rang again, and bowing low to the smiling Countess, he said that he did not feel the least disturbed by her appearance, but was delighted at the honor. He, Fekete Jofzi (my blood ran cold)—Fekete Jofzi, the notorious brigand of the day! was paying the reckoning that evening, and so host he took the liberty of inquiring who it was he had the honor to address. Before I could make a sign to prevent her, the Countess recklessly answered:

"Countess Repay, residing in your immediate neighborhood."

"I have the good fortune to know the name. The old Count once sent a bullet

after me, but missed his aim. Pray be seated, Countess."

Here was a pleasant acquaintance! The Countess sat down on a bench. Fekete seated himself beside her. He never asked me to sit down; he seemed utterly unconscious of my presence.

"Where were you driving at such a late hour?" he inquired.

"Don't tell him! Don't tell him!" I telegraphed with my eyes.

"To Arad, to the casino ball." (Farewell to your ball dress and jewels! thought I.)

"Indeed! It was a lucky chance for us that brought you here. We are giving a ball, too, and if her ladyship does not despise our invitation, I think I can promise her a delightful evening. Our gypsies are excellent musicians; they play *csardas* which make the blood course like fire through one's veins." Turning to the musicians, he added: "Let us have your song of 'The Beautiful Woman.' and mind how it is played."

Without another word the barefaced fellow wanted to teach me *laquerne*—as if the acquisition of this game had not cost me two of my estates! Yet I had to allow him to teach me. I had a little silver and some copper in my pocket—this I thought I might risk.

"What! you don't want to play for copers with me? Whom do you take me for, Sir? Here is the bank."

He threw a whole pile of brand-new ducats on the table. I had a few gold pieces in a pocketbook; tremblingly I laid one on a card. The cards were shuffled, and I won. The robber paid me. At no price would I venture to take up my winnings. I left it as a fresh stake. I won again, and did the same thing. For the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth times I won. Thick drops of perspiration covered my forehead. It is not exactly one of the pleasures of life to win money from a robber. The seventh time also the stakes were mine. I quivered like an aspen leaf. Why had I not had this ill-timed luck at Presburg during the Diet? How ardently I prayed that Providence would relieve me of the money and allow the robber to win for once! Vain the wish—for the eighth time I also was the winner. Now indeed I was a dead man.

He was never lovelier or more seductive than at this moment. I have often seen Hungarian dancing, both at the theatre and at balls, but I shall never forget the way in which these two danced. First the *Betyar*, with majestic steps, led his partner once or twice round the room, his face proud, his gestures imposing. Suddenly he sprang into the middle of the room with a loud shout, the fiery Hungarian music waxing wilder and wilder.

Slowly, with steps full of grace, the Countess commenced the dance. She fluttered about like a butterfly, touching every flower, but alighting on none. If about to embrace her. Suddenly stopping, he would throw back his head and turn aside with wonderful grace, the bewitching little fairy floating toward him at one moment as if about to throw her self into his arms, then drawing back and luring him hither and thither in pursuit of her, the glance of their eyes alone showing that they formed one couple.

At last the *Betyar* turned round completely and placed himself in front of the gypsies, as if he had turned his back on his partner, wishing in his rage to dance quite alone; again with one bound he resumed his place before her, their hands met, and he waltzed around with her at lightning speed. It almost made me giddy to watch them.

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## THE POTATO.

Fair specimen, what person, saint or sinner, Especially these each day upon his table, Especially at noon served for his dinner, Fresh from thy bin or sheltering bed of sable?

How would a beefsteak look without thee, facing With thy mild eyes its blushes faint and tender? How would it taste without thy round form gracing The dish o'er which its savory juices wander!

With bursting sides, dry as roasted chestnuts, With fine-grained starch-flesh—a piping plate—

(al)—

What man, though epicure he be, would not To do thee justice and be grateful?

When dessert comes, a dainty paste or pudding, It follows well, I grant; oftentimes we need it;

But were it well, though plums its side are studding, If thou dost not, fair tuber, just proceede it!

Old Ireland lifts her heart each year and blesses Thee as her friend; when corn and wine have vanished,

Then has relieved her wants, her sore distresses; When, but for thee, thousands would have famished;

In rows, in hills, thy slender stem is growing; They thrive alike in shade or partial shadow;

All though this pleasant land their green is showing

From Maine's far coast to plains of Colorado.

Precious, healthful plant, for one would praise thee.

Admire the flower where'er I see thee blooming

Beautiful—though common as the day;

And greet thy spheres whenever I see them coming

Give all due praise to squashes and cucumbers,

To sugary beets, the smooth, ripe, red tomato;

But generous friend, to thee I write these names

here.

Then stalwart commoner! thou blust potato!

—The Irish World.

## Pat's Shrewd Purchase.

"Pat," said a reporter to a prominent political light of a suburban town, "I hear you have been buying a house."

"An' it is makin' fun o' me ye are?" said Pat.

"Making fun of you? Why, no. Why should I make fun of you?"

"Well, I didn't know but yeas had heard how I bought it."

"Why, no, Pat," said the reporter.

"How was it?"

"Ye see, the house was a foine one, 'n' it was advertised to be sold at auction, because the man was goin' to build a bigger one."

"Yes, I see," said the reporter.

"An," says Bridget, says she, "Pat, couldn't we buy it, sure," says she, "an' move it to the bit of a lot we own?" says she.

"And a very good plan, too," said the reporter.

"An," says I, "Biddy," says I, "we'll set 'em."

"Well, when the day came I went to the auction an' I stid in the crowd, an' by the feller what did the talkin' stid up forinst the corner of the house an', says he, 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'how much am I bid for the house?'" says he.

"An," says I, "I'll give ye fifteen dollars," says I.

"An," says he, "I have twenty alridy," says I.

"Twenty-foive," says I.

"An' then they commenced to bid, one an' anither, an' I bid with the rist. By an' they all stopped but two or three, an' I had bid a hundred an' fifty."

"A hundred and sixty," says the man.

"A hundred and sixty-five," says I.

"An' so we wint on, foive and the dials at a time, until there was only one man left, an' he was round the corner where I cindn't see him, but the auctioneer cind him, because he stid forinst the corner, d'y'e see?"

"But I was bound to have the house, an' I kipt on biddin' till I had bid two hundred an' ninety-foive."

"Thray hundred," says the murtherin' villain. "An," says I, "let him have it," says I. "Not another cent will I give."

"Sold for thray hundred dollars," sed the man, an' the crowd began to go away.

"Then, says I to myself, 'I'll just go round the other soids an' see who the cold digts that paid thray hundred dollars for the cold house.' So I wint round and mit Bridget."

"Biddy," says I, "we've lost it," says I.

"Pat," says she, "we've got it," says she.

"What de me now?" says I.

"I've bought the house," says she. "But the old rascal the other side made pay thray hundred for it," says she.

"Biddy," says I, "yez may jest knock down wid yer dish-cloth," says I.

"An' that's the way I bought the house, but don't put it in the paper." —Boston Globe.

when shall we reach Alpha Centauri? In 48,663,000 years, sir. 'Humph! rather a long journey.'

## Judgement on a Hot Mexican Dish.

Some time ago Col. Millbank visited Mexico, and, upon returning, declared that the Mexicans are the only people in the world who know how to cook.

"Why," said he to his wife, "their dish of 'cheely' is excellent. You take a handful of bird-peppers, mix in a little meal, and stew em up. Of course it's hot, and, especially with a stranger, seems to be composed of three parts fire and one part torment; but after a man gets used to it, why there's nothing that has such a tendency to promote digestion. It undoubtedly prolongs life, keeps the mind active, and tends toward a general promotion of good feeling. I have brought home a sack of those peppers, and at every meal after this I shall expect my favorite dish."

Bird-peppers entered into the Colonel's daily diet. No one thought of sharing the dish with him until several days ago, when old Sam Blackmore of Red Fork Township came to the city and called at the Colonel's house. The old man, while at dinner, noticed the host dipping into what appeared to be cooked tomatoes, and, during an animated discussion into which the subject of a literal place of torment in the world to come entered strongly, he reached over and helped himself to a spoonful of stewed pepper.

"Now," said the old fellow, lifted a good sized blaze on the point of his knife, and holding it near his mouth until he should reach a semicolon, "I am a little quar in my belief, and don't hesitate to say that the wicked will be roasted like a possum."

He dropped his knife, wiped his tongue on his coat-sleeve, and, without speaking, he "haul'd off" with a sauce-bottle and knocked the Colonel down. The Colonel, being resentful and impetuous, arose and discouraged old Blackmore's familiarity by hurling his favorite dish into his visitor's frank and open countenance. A hand-to-hand encounter ensued, resulting in the defeat of the Colonel and the subsequent arrest of the old man. The case was taken to court, and tried by an eminent Justice of the Peace, a jurist whose justice of rule rarely meets with reversal, except when it chances to fall under the severe gaze of a judge who knows the law.

When the lawyers had closed their arguments the old Justice killed a horsefly with a paper-cutter and said:

"This court is ready to deliver its opinion. The court holds that the defendant had a right to visit the land of the Montezumas and Cortezes, and while there had a perfect right to form a taste for the dishes prepared by the inhabitants of that country. This court furthermore holds that the defendant had a perfect right to prepare the dish and eat it under the American flag; in other words, he had a right to put it on his table."

"This is all," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "that you have decided in our favor?"

"Just wait, if you please, until this court has concluded the decision. In order to be thoroughly prepared to judge the case wisely, this court ordered and tasted a sample of the stuff brought from the depraved land of the Montezumas, and this court is prepared to say that a man who wouldn't knock a fellow down for placing such a hidden mine of explosive compounds within his reach ought to break out with the nettle-rash and be deprived of the right of suffrage. This court would advise the plaintiff to keep out of the defendant's way, but will say that if the defendant don't catch him and maul the eternal pizen out of his disposition, he will lay himself liable to a fine and the odium of being considered a blamed fool by a man. From this line west 250 miles every square mile is infested by these devouring pests. They thickly inhabit a section of country 200 miles long and 250 miles wide. The advent of the white man into this country has but increased their numbers, as man has destroyed the wolves, badgers, rattlesnakes, panthers and other animals which prey upon the prairie dogs. They eat the grass in the summer and the grass roots in winter, and the consequence is that what was but a few years ago the finest grazing region in America, is fast becoming a verduless desert. Unlike all other animals in America, the prairie dog is migrating not west but east. Only a year or two ago his eastern line was about the western line of this country. In a short time he has advanced his frontier east about five miles into Shadeford, Throckmorton and other countries lying north and south of Shadeford. Unless checked, he will soon ravage all mesquite grass land in the State, and will then descend, in countless hosts, upon the black, waxy farming land of Tarrant, Dallas, Collin and the other counties east of us. It is no exaggeration to say that the grass annually consumed by the prairie dogs of northwest Texas.

Over the steps of a coach behind the freight car came Mr. Tramp. His mother wouldn't have recognized him. He was bareheaded. His shirt front was glossy white. His collar was the cleanest seen there that day. He had left his old hat behind. He looked nearly as respectable as any of the passengers with whom he rushed for the luncheon room. At the counter his ragged pantaloons and clay-colored shoes could not be seen by the waiters. "Here put these two plates of cold chicken, them sandwiches and a couple of coffees on a tray; quick now!" he shouted; "got to go 'way back to the sleeper with 'em." A few minutes later two tramps were enjoying a snug meal behind the water tank. "I say, pard, how's that for a game, anyhow?" chuckled the one with the snowy bosom; "nothin' like puttin' on style if you want to get along in the world!" —Chicago Herald.

Style Did It.

"Well, it's about grub time," remarked a tramp to one of his fellows on the station platform; "just you keep your eye on me an' I'll shew yer a trick what's worth havin' wid yer. Go down there behind the water tank an' wait for me."

No. 2 did as he was told, when No. 1 stepped behind a convenient freight car. He was as ragged and dirty as the average of his class. His hat had probably done duty on the top of a stick in some cornfield. Pulling from beneath his coat a piece of cardboard and that had a railway advertisement on one side, and that was white on the other, he slashed its corners off with an old pocket knife and cut a scallop in one end. A piece of white paper came from one of his pockets. The cardboard, white side out, was slumped under his dirty vest, the scallop just fitting his neck. The piece of paper was deftly folded, and the corners clipped and placed around his greasy neck. Two pins fastened the paper to the cardboard. Two more fixed the cardboard firmly under the vest. Just then the through train came in. The dinner gong rattled on the platform. Over the steps of a coach behind the freight car came Mr. Tramp. His mother wouldn't have recognized him. He was bareheaded. His shirt front was glossy white. His collar was the cleanest seen there that day. He had left his old hat behind. He looked nearly as respectable as any of the passengers with whom he rushed for the luncheon room. At the counter his ragged pantaloons and clay-colored shoes could not be seen by the waiters. "Here put these two plates of cold chicken, them sandwiches and a couple of coffees on a tray; quick now!" he shouted; "got to go 'way back to the sleeper with 'em." A few minutes later two tramps were enjoying a snug meal behind the water tank. "I say, pard, how's that for a game, anyhow?" chuckled the one with the snowy bosom; "nothin' like puttin' on style if you want to get along in the world!" —Chicago Herald.

Way Up in G.

A farmer hailing from the township of Albee, a few days ago brought the first load of wheat to the city and sold it. His raiment was much the worse for wear, and his feet were perfectly innocent of shoes or stockings, and the man was in a generally dilapidated condition. On his way to the city he was met by some

vegetable peddlers who, smarting under the recent action of the authorities in compelling them to pay a license for plying their trade, told the innocent granger that he would be compelled to procure a license before he could dispose of his wheat. This information, of course, had no tendency to make the farmer feel jubilant, and upon his arrival in the city he bided him to the Police Headquarters for the purpose of ascertaining whether the story told by the peddler was true, and was greatly relieved upon being informed that such was not the case. His general appearance, and especially his want of foot-covering, caused the bystanders to smile, a fact which the granger noticed, and he said,

"But just think how nice it would be if I should get nominated for something. Think of the loads of money I could raise, and the nice furniture and new clothes and sea-skin aquaces and—"

"That will do," interrupted Mrs. Blank; "I have heard this story before. You made a speech last night at a ward meeting, I see."

"Yes," responded Mr. B., with pardonable pride.

"And I see by the two or three lines notice in the newspapers, that the burden of your remarks was 'the office should seek the man and not the man the office.' Now just take off that overcoat; sit right down, and if any office comes along and knocks, I will let it in."

He sat.

A STRANGER sat in the corner of the car going to New York, in an easy attitude, his feet upon a large black trunk. The gentlemanly conductor going his rounds at the first station politely informed the stranger that that was no place for a trunk; it must be put in the baggage car.

To which the stranger nothing replied. At the second station the displeased conductor more decidedly told the stranger that he must put the trunk in the baggage car.

The stranger seemed to be perfectly indiffer-

ent. At the fourth station the irate conductor had the trunk put off and left.

At the fifth station, the mollified conductor, addressing the stranger, begged him to remember that he had but done what his duty required, that he had done it only after repeated warnings, and that it was solely the stranger's fault.

To which the stranger ironically replied: "I don't care a button; 'taint my trunk."

SMITH—"You have heard of B.'s failure?" Jones—"No. Is it a bad failure?" Smith—"Liabilities about \$700,000, that's all."

Jones—"That's enough. What are his assets?"

Smith—"Well, he is very much respected, teaches a class in Sunday school, is a deacon in the church, never drinks or smokes, his wife is a Hendrickchudenandusenbury, his great-grandfather came over in the Mayflower, his mother once shook hands with the Prince of Wales, and his brother is an intimate friend of Lord Mutanhan. Those are all of his assets, I believe."

Jones—"Those are enough. He'll pull through all right."

A GEORGIA man hearing a noise like a rattlesnake in the hotel went into a friend's room and saw to his intense surprise five huge rattlers crawling around the room while his friend sat unconcernedly at a table writing a letter.

"Great Jechosaphat, Jim!" he exclaimed, "do you see those snakes?"

"Snakes? What snakes?" returned James.

"O, no," replied James, "not at all. I thought so myself at first, but I've had 'em too often to believe all I see."

He was seated across the room.

"George," she said, "if a fire was suddenly to break out in the house what would be your first impulse, do you think?"

"Well, my first thought would be for you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety and then do what I could to extinguish the flames."

"That would be very nice of you, George, to think of me first; but if a fire were to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you lose valuable time reaching me from away across the room?"

"I don't know but I would," said George, as he changed his seat.

AUGUSTUS—"Ah! yas. I am well protected against the sun, ye know."

George—"In what?"

Augustus—"I, aw, have my hat filled with cabbage leaves, ye know; but d'y'e know I can't see why cabbage leaves should be so good for that, ye know?"

George—"Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."

GALLANT Colonel P.—, of South Carolina, met Annie G.— on the cars. He left her before she arrived at her destination. "Good-by," he said, hurriedly, and kissed the astonished young lady.

"That's cool," Annie said indignantly.

"Then next time I'll make it warmer," replied the gallant Colonel.

"You are very late sending your evening mail out," said the editor to his daughter when he came home at two in the morning and met a timid, shrinking young man between the front door and the gate."

"Not at all," answered the thoughtful girl; "Charles Henry is now a morning edition."

VARIETIES.

"Now, let me see if I understand this Presidential election at Chicago," said a blushing bride at Niagara Falls to her spouse, as they gazed at the Niagara Falls, after they had entered the hotel for life: "Blaine and Cleveland were chosen, were they not, my deary peat?"

"They were nominated at Chicago, my sweet—not elected."

"When will they be elected, my angelove?"

"Only one of them will be elected, dove."

"Then why were they both nominated at Chicago, my pretty pet?"

